Here begynneth a lytel treatyse
called the cõtrauerse betwene a lo:
uer and a Jaye lately compyled.

¶ The Prologue.

Thoughe laureate poetes in olde antyquyte
Fayned fables vnder clowdy sentence
yet some intytuled fruytefull moralyte
Some of loue wrote grete eyrcumstaunce
Some of cheualrous actes made remembraunce
Some as good philosophres naturally endyted
Thus wysely and wyttely theyr tyme they spended.

¶ Ouyde of loue made matters wonderfull
Good to be knowen for eschewynge more cuyll
But Calunace and Tybull with style moche paynful
Tenderly wrote of loue dylectable
Gallus and Sappho ben nothynge profytable
For yonge folkes to rede of lusty courage
Lest they be taged in Venus bondage

¶ Cancer floure of rethorike eloquence
Compyled bokes pleasaunt and meruayllous
After hym noble Gower experte in scyence
Wrote moralytyes herde and delycyous
But Lydgates workes are fruytefull & sentencyous
Who of his bokes hathe redde the fyne
He wyll hym call a famus rethorycyne

¶ Yonge Steuen Hawse whose soule god pardon
Treated of loue so clerkely and well
To rede his werkes is myne affeccyon
Whiche he compyled for Labell pusell
Remembrynge storyes fruytefull and delectable
I lytell or nought experte in poetry
Of lamentable loue hathe made a dytty.

Here behynneth the auctoure.

IN an arbere.
Late as I were
The foules to here
Was myne entente
Syngynge in fere.
With notes clere
They made good chere
On bowes bente
¶ Theyr tewnes swete
Moued me to slepe
Ferther to flete
I coude not restrayne
To take my rest
Me thought it best
It was my lust
Styll to remayne.
¶ The floures flouryshed
The trees burnyshed
The odoure me nourysshed
With grete suauyte
That styll I laye
All the longe daye
In sporte and playe
By longes of melody.
¶ Me thought in slombre
I herde a louer
Without recouer
Cryenge alas.

My lone lyuynge.
That dyde me bynde
Hathe chaunged her mynde.
For no treſpace.
With rewfull longe
His hondes he wronge
Endurynge longe.
His herte was thro.
Bothe erthe and heuen.
With planettes ſeuen.
Wyght here his ſteuen
Where he dyde go.
His coloure reede
Was pale as leede
Lyke aſhes deede
For greuous payne
In herte can dare
And lothely fare
In gretter care
Was neuer man.
His herte was fayne.
For grete complaynte.
His heere he rente
Without pyte.
And fell to the grounde
Often tymes that ſtounde.
With mortall wounde
He cryed on hye.
Amator.
O herte vnfayne.

Thou may complayne
Of thy lemman
And lady swete.
For lacke of comforte
Or goodly sporte
Thou must resorte
And wayle and wepe
O paynes outragyous.
Grete and contagyous.
No myrthe solacyous.
Maye you abate
But euer to renewe.
And euer to extewe.
She is vntrewe
Alacke Alacke.
O inwarde sorowe
Bothe euen and morowe
Saynt George to borowe.
Thou hast grete wronge
Without on thought
Auaylynge nought
For loue hath wrought.
The in suche thronge
O wonderfull loue
That me dyde moue
Without reproue
Of thought vntrue
O loue ryght clene
As Phebus bene
Syth the fyrste tyme

That I the knewe
¶O loue constrayned.
O loue soze payned
O loue not sayned
O loue of lykynge
Where is thy solace
Where is thy maystres
Where in thy gladnes
Where is thy swetynge.
¶O gentyll floure
Reclayme thy paramoure
Wounded ryght soze
With loues launce
Reclayme reclayme
And thynke no shame
Exyle dysdayne
From your remembraunce
¶Lette pyte lede
Your womanhede
And mercy guyde
Your tendze aege
O famus pucell
Weke courtoys and gentell
Semynge to be ryght well
Of noble parentage
¶Retourne retourne
Beholde I mourne
Was neuer none bozne
That loue moze greued.
Full lytell it ywys.

Knowe ye I gesse
What payne it is
To loue vnloued
Alas o nature
Why dyde ye fygure
So fayre a creature
Of flesshe and bone
Excepte that she
To loue wolde plye
And haue pyte
On her true man
O cuppyde kynge
Of loue and louynge
Grete is thy werkynge
And vyolent powre
Constrayne constrayne
To me a gayne
Myne owne lemman
And paramoure.
O Venus hyghe
Of goddes cheke
Beholde my grefe
And wofull chere
Redresse my smerte
And cause my swete herte
Shortely reuerte
To her prysonere
O meruaylous fortune
That helthe dompnyon
And in thy bandon
Euery lyuynge wyght

Helpe to preuayle
My paynfull trauayle.
I wepe and I wayle
Bothe daye and nyght
Syth you me brought
To loue vnsought
Me thynke you ought
Be reason good.
To wounde her sore
With dyntes of armoure
That pyte poore
May chaunge her mode
O dethe do swarue
My herte payne to carue
That I may sterue.
My lyfe is lorne.
He fell in swowne
Recouerynge soone
He set hym downe.
Under a thorne.

The auctoure.

The byrdes aboute
Sange in a route
With tewnes stoute.
Of armony.
Hym to aswage
Fallynge in rage.
Of loues bondage.
For his lady.

¶ Coude not refrayne.
His moztall payne
But dyde complayne
With heuynesse
Alas sayd he
What cause hath she
Unkynde to be.
For no trespace.
¶ Graculus loquitur amatori.
¶ In that affraye.
A Jangelynge Jaye
Sange on a spraye
Bothe two and fro
Thou carefull man
That dothe complayne
In herte vnfayne
Why doest thou so.
¶ Amator.
¶ With wofull chere
And lowes sere.
Was nought atere
Trouthe to reporte
That vnkyndnesse
Of his maystresse
Was paynfulnesse.
Without comforte.
¶ Graculus.
¶ To let thy mynde
On one vnkynde.
Thy wyttes were blynde
Yet neuertheles

Thy selfe to spyll
Do way be styll
For after trouble
Cometh Joyfulnesse.
Exyle dyspayre
To myrth repayre
For sorowe and care
Auayleth nought
To good request
Be alwaye prest
For wytte is beest
Whan it is bought
Amator.
Her beaute pure
And countenaunce demure.
Is prynted sure
In myne herte rote
No remedy
But I must dye
Without that she
Wyll be my bote.
With grete tourment
And syghes feruent
I make complaynte
To god aboue.
Was neuer wyght.
So doulefully dyght
By daye nor nyght
And all for loue.
Erly or late
No rest I take

But for her sake
Mourneth styll
Trustynge for grace
But none can pourchace
Adue alas God knoweth my wyll.

¶ Gzaculus.

¶ Syth fortunes chaunce
Hath made instaunce
The to auaunce
In venus playe
Beware agayne
Of false dysdayne
That with gyle and trayne
Wyll the betraye.
¶ When thou weenest leest
And trusteth best
Thou shalte be fyrste
Deceyued in dede
For loue is vayne
And neuer certayne
But full of payne.
And foly to mede.
¶ Loue is delycyous
Loue is prymerose
Loue is more precyous
Than golde and tapasyon
Loue is a prety cage
For foules of tender aege
Loue is but dotage
When we haue all done.
¶ Loue is grete pleasure

To euery yonge creature
Loue is a treasure.
That walketh faste
Loue is comfortable
Loue is ofte barpable
Loue is deceyuable
And nought at the laste
¶What thynge is loue.
That so dothe moue.
Fayne wolde I proue
Howe it dothe come
Nothynge loue is
But nature I gesse
And from nature it comes.
By faythfull affectcyon.
¶Thoughe nature moue
And bydde the loue
Yet wysdome wolde proue.
Or it be hote
When fortune sowre
Dothe on the lowre
Thou getest an owre.
In cocke lorels bote.
¶Auyse the well.
And take good counsell
Thou hast free wyll
To rule and guyde
For loue is daungerous
False and contagyous
And as sure as a mouse
Tyed at a threde.

¶ I can not contrary
But mannes moost feleyete
Is close in femynyte
By affeccyon naturall
yet trewly it is but foly
To loue contynually
A thynge that is translytory
And not perpetuall
¶ Thou mayst take enlample.
Of Graundamoure and Grysyll
Jason and Jsaphyll
Ferther to pursewe
Of Tysbe and Pyramys
Helyne and Parys
Scylla and Mynoys
That were louers trewe
¶ What is become
Of Phylys and Demophon
Alcumena and Alphytyon.
With many thousandes mo
Pollyxena and Achylles.
Dyanyra and hercules
Where is there grette gladnes
And amyable Joye.
¶ Where is Semele and Jocasta.
Cleoparte and Jronya
Semyramys and Sylurys
So fayre of fauoure.
What auayleth the beautyousnesse
Of Medea and Lucresse
Syth all thynge is vanytes.

And fadeth as a floure.
¶ Whyle fortune was frendely
And tourned her whele kyndely
They had moche felycyte.
In loue and lykynge.
Grete was theyr affeccyon
In carnall dylectacyon
Now are they all gone.
For all theyr louynge.
¶ Penelope was faythfull
Cyrcys was deceytefull
Neobe was carefull
And Hester was good
Theyr padyandes are paſt
And ours waſteth faſt
Nothynge dothe aye laſt
But the grace of god.
¶ Therfore well conſyder
This worldes Joye is flyder
Nothynge is more ſweter
And decayeth ſo ſoone
With reaſon be contente
For fere thou repente
To my counſayle conſente
And let loue alone.
¶ Amator.
¶ O foule of fayreneſſe.
Swete are thy ſtoryes
Thaſt thou woſt expreſſe
To me in doloure
Yet neuertheleſſe

Nature is frellhe
And woundeth me doubteleſſe
With dyntes of armoure
¶ I knowe ryght well
No loue is durable
When fortune vnſtable
Courneth her face
On wretches to wrythe
And her power kythe.
Be they wrothe or blythe
She chaungeth theyr ſolace.
¶ yet my poore herte
Can not awaye ſterte
From the penetable darte
Of blynde Cupydo
His doughter wyll
Woundeth me ſtyll
With paynes vnmedſynable
Where euer I go.
¶ Thus am I wrapped.
And in Wo vnbelapped
Suche loue hath me trapped.
Without onyeure
Syr Tryſtram the good
For his lemman Iſoude
More ſorowe neuer bode
Then I do endure.
¶ Lamwell and Lamarok.
Gawayne and Launcelorte
Garathe and Craddocke
With the table rounde

Syr Beuys/syr Eglamoure
Syr Terry/syr Tryamoure
In more greuous doloure
Was neuer in bounde
¶Whedra and theseus
Progne and Thereus
Pasyphe and Taurus
Who lyketh to proue
Canace and Machareus
Galathea and Pamphylus
Was neuer more dolorous.
And all for true loue.
¶Dydo and Deydamya
Leda and Lanynya
Marra and Medusa
And Tomyrys so hynde.
Candacys and Cyrene
Calysto and Cydyppe
Was neuer none lyke me
In trewe herte and mynde.
¶Creusa and Cletemnestra
Smyrax and Latona
Bybles and Atalanta
Of arcady the quene
Daphnys Hypermestra
Dyrce and Cloylea
Hypolyte and Dyana
All these louers hath bene
¶I haue serched of late
Many poete laureate.
That dyuers bookes dyde make

And storyes regystred
yet in comparyson.
Of my trewe affeccyon
Scarcely can I fynde one
Syth Troylus reygned
¶That was trewe and faythfull.
In loue that is paynfull
Without fraude dyscrytefull
Or preuy stryfe.
Therfore as I fynde
I wyll shewe my mynde
Fyght fewe of Gryseldes kynde
Is now lefte on lyue.
¶This worlde is altered
Condycyons are chaunged
As is dayly proued
By trewe experyence
Trust is now trechery
And loue is but Lechery.
All thynges decayeth dayly
¶Without repentaunce
¶Thoughe I more speke
My herte wyll breke
So loue wyll Wreke
On me with tene
Fare well delectacyon
Welcome my fortune
I must be contente with reason
As other hathe ben.
¶Graculus.
¶For thy dystresse

And geuynesse.
I wyll expresse
In wordes playne
That women fraile
Are seldome leale
The trouthe to tell
I wyll not layne.
¶ Thy wyll consente
And soone repente
It is them lente
And gyuen by nature.
Therfore beware
To proue ouer ferre
For to loues daungere
They wyll the flatter
¶ Their wordes softe blandysshynge
Are quaynte with flaterynge
And with countenaunce faynynge
They can make it nyse
Couered aboue falsely
Forgynge fraudes craftely
That they haue brought many
To a foles paradyse.
¶ Lyke serpentes furyous
Amonge floures odyous.
Their venyme hydeous
Remayneth styll
The seugre appereth
The gall behynde leueth
What man that proueth
Shall lyke them full yll

¶ Theyr speches is amyable
Theyr hertes are chaungeable
Theyr mynoes are varyable
With mutabylyte
They are worthy no prayse
They are so tempred with alwayes
And as Guydo sayes
They are neuer in suretye
¶ In teres they seme carefull
And in wardly they are dyscrytefull
Ryght ie we that be faythfull
For sykernes
They wyll speke fayre outwarde
And thynke the contrary
Thus do they alwaye vary
Without doublenesse.
¶ Recorde of Creseyde
Whome Troylus loued
And was sore payned
Causer dothe tell
Her loue was fayned
And wortely chaunged.
And gyuen to Dyomede
With grekes to dwelle
¶ who trusteth them best
He shall be the fyrst
Deceyued I trust
By fortune euen
Than may he go
Where he came fro
With sorowe and wo

Jacke vnthryuen.

Ofte tymes they smyle
In loues style
And dothe begyle
yonge louers fayne
With spoztes and playes
But now a dayes
He that truthe sayes
He shall be shente
Very fewe oz none.
Is contente with one
But as the mone
Ofte tymes they chaunge
Therfoze let a man.
Do as well as he can
Foz lytell bztayne
Is no graunge.

Serche scrypture and polely
Crownacle and phylosophy
The fraudes of femynyte
With gylefull trayne.
Hathe bzought to confusyon
Many a cheke champyon
As Samplon and Salamon
Whose stozyes are playne
Dauyd the conqueroure
Arystotle the phylosophze
Hercules and Arthure.
With many other mo.
Defamed was craftely
Thzughe womens trayte

Answere lette vs se
Is it not so.
¶ Many cytees and townes
Many countres and regyons
Many Erles Dukes and Barons
Destroyed hathe bene
Many a kynge and Emperoure
And bolde knyghtes of aduenture
Hathe dyed with doloure
And all for women
¶ Priamys and Paris
Hector and Achylles
Patraclus and Palomydes
Dyepholus a roy
Many a noble freke
Of Aly e and of Grece
For fayre Helyns sake
Was slayne at the syege of troy
¶ How sholde I more wryte
Or yet endyte
My herte dothe wepe
To thynke therupon
What myschefe what murmure
What slaundre and manslaughter
What dyscayne and what murdre
That hathe ben for women
¶ Ferther to procede
We thynke no nede
To regystre in dede
Theyr propertyes perylous
Yet who wolde here

Mo crafftes of them lere
Lette hym rede and lere
Guydo and Hercules
¶Thus in concly yon
Women are confuly on
And fynall deſtruccyon
To man at the ende
Yet ſhame it is
To blame them doubteleſſe
For as clerkes ſayes
They haue it of kynde.
¶Therfore remembre
Theyr yongeages tendre.
That to loue is egre
With luſty courage.
To loue in youthe
Is pleaſure ynoughe
And in age forſothe
It is but dotage
¶Truſt not theyr wordes.
Nor mery bourdes
For knyghtes and lordes
Deſcreyued haue bene.
They are ofte mutable
They are falſe and varyable
Therfore truſt them but lytell
For all theyr fayre eyen.
¶Take comforte good
And chaunge thy mode
For by the fwete rode
They tourne as the wynde

On the lee I haue bende
And many Jeoperdyes sene
What nede I more to reken
Thou knowest my mynde
¶Remembre well I saye
I must awaye
Passed is the daye
I maye not abyde
She toke her flyght
And flewe forthe ryght
And the wofull wyght
Fast after yede
¶The auctoure
¶With that I awoke
And toke my boke
Theron to loke
Was my solace
Lyke as I herde
I was not aferde
But worde by worde
I wrote this treatyse.
¶Finis.

¶Lenuoye of the auctoure.

¶Go lytell boke with rudenes replete
Presente the humbly before lecture lytterall
Excuse lyghe thy maker by way or by strete
And pronounce thy sentence w̄ language lyberal
Praye them to correcte thy paynes rustycall
For made thou was of shorte aduysement
Be meruayllous instaunce of a louer berament.

¶ Fayned thou arte with wordes approbryous.
Regystrynge the actes and propertyes of women
That some men wyll Jugde the inuyous.
Naye truely than were he to blame
This is his mynde and entendement certayne
Where as they rede and fynde them gylty
Lette them amende this counsayle gyueth he.

¶ Who lyketh thy sentence and ponderyth it ryght
Contectynge well in his remembraunce
Knowe maye he truely that by a lady brought
Thou was compyled by pastymes pleasaunce
Suche grete vnkyndnesse whiche caused baryaunce
Was shewed to a louer called. F. T.
Her name also begynneth with. A. B.

¶ Thus endeth the treatyse of the louer and a Jaye/
lately compyled by me Thomas Feylde.

¶ Imprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne
of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.